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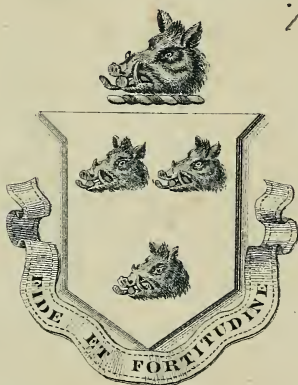
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WILLIAMSON'S  
STORY

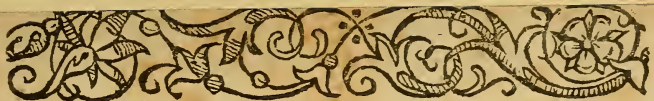
OF THE  
LIFE OF  
WILLIAMSON

BY  
JAMES W. WILSON



NEW YORK: J. W. PUBLISHERS





A  
Midsummer nights  
dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times pub-  
likely acted, by the Right Honoura-  
ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his  
servants.

*Written by William Shakespeare.*



*Printed by James Roberts, 1600.*

Midwinter nights

St. James

149.971

May 1873

Printed by J. W. F. & Co. 1873



A  
MIDSOMMER NIGHTS  
DREAME.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.*

*Theseus.*

**N**ow faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall houre  
Drawes on apace : foure happy daies bring in  
Another Moone : but oh, me-thinks, how slow  
This old Moone wanes : She lingers my desires  
Like to a Step-dam, or a Dowager,  
Long withering out a young mans reueneu.

*Hip.* Foure daies will quickly steepe themselues in nights  
Foure daies will quickly dreame away the time :  
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bow,  
Now bent in heauen, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

*The. Goe Philostrate,*  
Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments,  
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of mirth,  
Turne melancholy foorth to Funerals :  
The pale companion is not for our pompe.  
*Hippolita*, I woo'd thee with my sword,  
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries :  
But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and Lysander,  
Helena, and Demetrius.*

*Ege.* Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

*The.* Thanks good *Egeus*. What's the newes with thee ?

*Ege.* Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

# A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.

*Stand forth Demetrius.*

My noble Lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her.

*Stand forth Lysander.*

And my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewicht the bosome of my childe :

Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her rimes,

And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe :

Thou hast by moone-light at her window sung,

With faining voice, verses of faining loue,

And stolne the impression of her fantasie,

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegayes, sweet meates (messengers

Of strong preuailement in vnhardened youth)

With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart,

Turnd her obedience (which is due to me)

To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,

Be it so she will not here before your Grace,

Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,

I beg the ancient priuiledge of *Athens* ;

As she is mine, I may dispose of her ;

Which shall be either to this gentleman,

Or to her death, according to our law,

Immediatly prouided in that case.

*The.* What say you *Hermia* ? be aduis'd, faire maid,

To you your father shoud be as a God :

One that compos'd your beauties ; yea and one,

To whom you are but as a forme in wax

By him imprinted, and within his power,

To leaue the figure, or disfigure it :

*Demetrius* is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is *Lysander*.

*The.* In himselfe he is.

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce,

The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.*

# A Midfommers nights Dreame.

*Her.* I would my father lookt but with my eyes.

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his iudgement looke.

*Her.* I do intreate your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,  
Nor how it may concerne my modesty,  
In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts;  
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

*The.* Either to die the death, or to abiure  
For euer the society of men.  
Therefore faire *Hermia*, question your desires,  
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choyce)  
You can endure the livery of a Nunne,  
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd  
To liue a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymnes to the colde fruitlesse Moone.  
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,  
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,  
But earthlier happy is the Rose distild,  
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,  
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

*Her.* So will I grow, so liue, so dye my Lord,  
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp  
Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoke  
My soule consents not to giue souerainty.

*The.* Take time to pause, and by the next new Moone,  
The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,  
For euerlasting bond of fellowship:  
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,  
For disobedience to your fathers will,  
Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he wold,  
Or on *Dianaes* Altar to protest,  
For aye, austeritie, and single life.



## A Midfommer nights Dreame.

*Dem.* Relent sweete *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeeld  
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

*Lys.* You haue her Fathers loue, *Demetrius* :  
Let me haue *Hermias* : do you marry him.

*Egeus.* Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Loue;  
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.  
And she is mine, and all my right, of her  
I do estate vnto *Demetrius*.

*Lysan.* I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,  
As well possesse : my loue is more then his :  
My fortunes euery way as fairely rancke.  
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius* :  
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)  
I am belou'd of beautilous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

*Demetrius*, Ile auouch it to his head,  
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,  
And won her soule : and she (sweete Lady) dotes,  
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,  
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

*The.* I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,  
And with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof;  
But being ouer full of selfe-affaires,  
My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,  
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,  
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.  
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,  
To fit your fancies to your fathers will;  
Or else the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp  
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)  
To death, or to a vow of single life.  
Come my *Hippolita* ; what cheare my loue?  
*Demetrius* and *Egeus* goe along :  
I must imploy you in some businesse  
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you



# A Midsommers nights Dreame.

Of something, neerely that concernes your selues.

*Ege.* With duty and desire, we follow you. *Exeunt.*

*Lys.* How now my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?  
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike for want of raine; which I could well  
Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes.

*Lys.* Eigh me; for ought that I could euer reade,  
Could euer heare by tale or history,  
The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothe,  
But either it was different in bloud;

*Her.* O crosse! too high to be inthralld to loue.

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares;

*Her.* O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to yong.

*Lys.* Or elle it stood vpon the choise of friends;

*Her.* O hell, to choose loue by anothers eyes.

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choise,  
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;  
Making it momentany, as a sound;  
Swift as a shadow; short as any dreame;  
Brieue as the lightening in the collied night,  
That (in a spleene) vnfolde both heauen and earth;  
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,  
The iawes of darknesse do deuoure it vp:  
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If then true Louers haue bin euer crost,  
It stands as an edict in destiny:  
Then let vs teach our triall patience,  
Because it is a customary crosse,  
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,  
Wishes and teares; poore Fancies followers.

*Lys.* A good perswasion: therefore heare me, *Hermia*:  
I haue a widow Ant, a dowager,  
Of great reueneu, and she hath no childe,  
From *Athens* is her house remote seuen leagues,  
And she respects me, as her onely sonne:

There,

## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

There gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,  
And to that place, the sharpe *Athenian* law  
Cannot pursue vs. If thou louest me, then  
Steale forth thy fathers house, to morrow night:  
And in the wood, a league without the towne  
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,  
To do obseruance to a morne of May)  
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good *Lyfander*,  
I sweare to thee, by *Cupids* strongest bow,  
By his best arrow, with the golden head,  
By the simplicity of *Venus* Doues,  
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loue,  
And by that fire which burnd the Carthage Queene,  
When the false Trojan vnder sayle was seene,  
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,  
(In number more then euer women spoke)  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.

*Lyf.* Keepe promise loue, looke here comes *Helena*.

*Enter Helena.*

*Her.* God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?

*Hel.* Call you me faire? that faire againe vn say,  
*Demetrius* loues your faire: O happy faire!  
Your eyes are loadstars, and your tongues sweet ayre  
More tuncable then Larke to Shepherds eare,  
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,  
Sicknesse is catching: O verre fauour so,  
Your vvords I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I goe,  
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,  
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melody,  
Were the vvorld mine, *Demetrius* being bated,  
The rest Ile giue to be to you translated.  
O teach me how you looke, and vvith vvhat art,  
You svay the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Her.* I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.

*Hel.* O that your frowns wold teach my smiles such skil

*Her.* I giue him curfes, yet he giues me loue.

*Hel.* O that my prayers could such affection mouue.

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he followes me.

*Hel.* The more I loue, the more he hateth me.

*Her.* His folly, *Helena* is none of mine.

*Hel.* None but your beauty, wold that fault were mine.

*Her.* Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,

*Lysander* and my selfe will fly this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,

Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradiſe to me.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

*Lys.* *Helen*, to you our mindes we will vnfold,

To morrow night, when *Phæbe* doth behold

Her ſiluer viſage, in the watry glaſſe,

Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe

(A time, that louers flights doth ſtill conceale)

Through *Athens* gates, haue we deuifed to ſteale.

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I,

Vpon faint Pimroſe beds, were wont to lye,

Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld,

There my *Lysander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,

And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes

To ſeek new friends and ſtrange companions.

Farwell ſweete play-fellow, pray thou for vs,

And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.

Keepe word *Lysander*, we muſt ſtarue our ſight,

From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

*Exit Hermia.*

*Lys.* I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,

As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you.

*Exit Lys.*

*Hel.* How happy ſome, ore other ſome can be?

Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as ſhe.



## A Midfommer nights Dreame.

But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not so: 50  
He will not know, what all, but he do know,  
And as he erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;  
So I, admiring of his qualities:  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Loue can transpōse to forme and dignity,  
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,  
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.  
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taste:  
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haste.  
And therefore is loue said to be a childe,  
Because in choise he is oft beguilde,  
As waggish boyes in game themselues forswear;  
So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.  
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,  
He haild downe oathes that he was onely mine.  
And when his haile, some heate from *Hermia* felt,  
So he dissolu'd, and showres of oathes did melt,  
I will go tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:  
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence,  
If I haue thanks, it is a deare expence:  
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,  
To haue his sight thither, and backe againe.

*Exit.*

*Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, & Starveling the Taylor.*

*Quin.* Is all our company heere?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according the scrippe.

*Quin.* Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which is thoght fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night,

*Bot.* First good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow to a point.

*Quince.*



# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Quin.* Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

*Bot.* A very good peece of worke, I assure you, & a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call foorth your Actors by the scrowle. Masters spread your selues.

*Quin.* Answer as I call you, *Nick Bottome* the Weauer.

*Bot.* Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You *Nick Bottome* are set downe for *Pyramus*.

*Bot.* What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant?

*Quin.* A louer that kils himselfe most gallant, for loue.

*Bot.* That will aske some teares in the true perfourming of it, if I doe it, let the audience looke to their eyes: I will moue stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks; and shiuering shocks shall breake the locks of prison gates, and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre, & make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoling.

*Quin.* *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

*Flu.* Heere *Peter Quince*.

*Quin.* You must take *Thisby* on you.

*Flu.* What is *Thisby*? a wandring Knight?

*Quin.* It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must loue. (ming

*Fl.* Nay faith, let not me play a woman, I haue a beard cō-

*Quin.* That's al one, you shal play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will.

*Bot.* And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* to: Ile speake in a monstrous little voyce; *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, ah *Pyramus* my louer deare, thy *Thisby* deare, and Lady deare.

*Quin.* No no, you must play *Pyramus*, & *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

*Bot.* Well, proceed. *Qu.* *Robin Starueling* the Tailor.

*Star.* Heere *Peter Quince*.

*Qu.* *Robin Starueling*, you must play *Thisbies* mother:

# A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Here Peter Quince.

Quin. You, *Piramus* father; my selfe, *Thisbies* father; *Snug* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope here is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, giue it me, for I am slowe of study.

Quin. You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roare, that I will do any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare again, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers sonne.

Bot. I grant you friends, if you should fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any sucking Doue; I will roare you and t'were any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Piramus* is a sweet fac't man, a proper man as one shal see in a sommers day; a most louely gentlemanlike man, therefore you must needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in eyther your straw-colour beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But masters heere are your parts, and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you,

## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

you, to con them by too morrow night: and meete me in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citty, we shall be dogd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

*Bot.* We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfit, adieu.

*Quin.* At the Dukes oke we meete.

*Bot.* Enough, hold or cut bow-strings.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a fairy at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.*

*Robin.* How now spirit, whether wander you?

*Fai.* Quer hill, ouer dale, through bush, through brier,  
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,  
I do wander euery where, swifter then the Moons sphere;  
And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbes vpon the  
The cowslips tall, her pensioners be, (greene.  
In their gold coats, spots you see,  
Those be Rubies, Fairy fauours,  
In those freckles, liue their fauors,  
I must goe seeke some dew drops here,  
And hang a pearle in euery cowslips eare.  
Farwell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gone,  
Our Queene and all her Elues come here anon.

*Rob.* The King doth keepe his Reuels heere to night,  
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,  
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A louely boy stollen from an Indian king,  
She neuer had so sweete a changeling,  
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe,  
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.  
But she, perforce with-holds the loued boy,  
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.



## A Midfommer nights Dreame.

And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,  
By fountaine cleere, or spangled starlight sheene,  
But they do square, that all their Elues for feare  
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd and knauish spirit,  
Call'd *Robin good-fellow*. Are you not hee,  
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,  
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,  
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,  
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,  
Mis-leade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,  
Those that hobgoblin call you, and sweete Puck,  
You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke.  
Are not you he? (the night,

*Rob.* Thou speak'st a right; I am that merry wanderer of  
Icaust to *Oberon*, and make him smile,  
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile;  
Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale,  
And sometime lurke I in a gossips bole,  
In very likenesse of a rosted crab,  
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,  
And on her withered dewlop poure the ale.  
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three foote stoole, mistaketh me,  
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,  
And tailour cryes, and fals into a coffe,  
And then the whole Quire hold their hips, and losse,  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,  
A merrier houre was neuer wasted there.  
But roome Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

*Fai.* And here my mistresse: would that he were gone.

*Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine,  
and the Queene at another with hers.*

*Ob.* Ill met by moone-light, proud *Tytania*.

*Queen.*

# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Queen.* What, iecalous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.  
I haue forsworne his bed and company.

*Ob.* Tarry rash wanton; am not I thy Lord?

*Qu.* Then I must be thy Lady: but I know  
When thou hast stollen away from Fairy Land,  
And in the shape of *Corin*, sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corne, and versing loue,  
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here  
Come from the farthest steepe of *India*?  
But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*,  
Your buskind mistresse, and your warrior loue,  
To *Theseus* must be wedded; and you come,  
To giue their bed ioy and prosperity.

*Ob.* How canst thou thus for shame, *Tytania*,  
Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?  
Knowing I know thy loue to *Theseus*.  
Didst not thou leade him through the glimmering night,  
From *Perigenia*, whom he rauished?  
And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith  
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

*Queen.* These are the forgeries of iecalousie,  
And neuer since the middle Sommers spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forrest or mead,  
By paued fountaine, or by russhy brooke,  
Or in the beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling winde,  
But with thy brawles thou hast disturbd our sport.  
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,  
As in reuenge, haue suckt vp from the sea,  
Contagious fogs; which falling in the Land,  
Hath euery pelting riuer made so proud,  
That they haue ouer-borne their Continents.  
The Oxe hath therefore stretcht his yoke in vaine,  
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne  
Hath rotted, ere his youth attained a beard:



## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

The fold stands empty, in the drowned field,  
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,  
The nine mens Morris is filld vp with mud,  
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,  
For lacke of tread, are vndistinguishable.  
The humane mortals want their winter heere,  
No night is now with hymme or carroll blest;  
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)  
Pale in her anger, washes all the aere;  
That Rheumaticke diseases do abound.  
And through this distemperature, we see  
The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,  
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,  
An odorous Chaplet of sweete Sommer buds  
Is as in mockery set. The Spring, the Sommer,  
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change  
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knowes not which is which;  
And this same progeny of euils,  
Comes from our debate, from our dissention,  
We are their parents and originall.

*Oberon*. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you,  
Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon*?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my Henchman.

*Queene*. Set your heart at rest,  
The Fairy land buies not the childe of me,  
His mother was a Votresse of my order,  
And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night  
Full often hath she gossip't by my side,  
And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,  
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,  
When we haue laught to see the sailes conceiue,  
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde,

Which

## A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,  
Following (her wombe then rich with my young squire)  
Would imitate, and saile vpon the Land,  
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.  
But she being mortall, of that boy did dye,  
And for her sake do I reare vp her boy,  
And for her sake I will not part with him.

*Ob.* How long within this wood intend you stay?

*Queen.* Perchance till after *Thesens* wedding day.  
If you will patiently dance in our Round,  
And see our Moone-light reuels, go with vs;  
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

*Ob.* Giue me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*Qu.* Not for thy Fairie Kingdome. Fairies away:  
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

*Ob.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue,  
Till I torment thee for this iniury.  
My gentle *Puc'e* come hither; thou remembrest  
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,  
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,  
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,  
And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,  
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

*Puc.* I remember.

*Ob.* That very time I say (but thou couldst not)  
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,  
*Cupid* all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke  
At a faire Vestall, throned by West,  
And loos'd his loue-shaft sinartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,  
But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft  
Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;  
And the imperiall Votresse passed on,

## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

In maiden meditation, fancy free.

Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fel.

It fell vpon a little westerne flower ;

Before, milke-white ; now purple with lous wound,

And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.

Fetch me that flower ; the hearb I shew'd thee once,

The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laide,

Will make or man or woman madly dote

Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.

Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou here againe,

Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

*Pu.* Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

*Oberon.* Hauing once this iuyce,

Ile watch *Titania*, whence she is asleepe,

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :

The next thing when she waking lookes vpon,

(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,

On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)

She shall pursue it, with the soule of loue.

And ere I take this charme off from her sight,

(As I can take it with another hearbe)

Ile make her render vp her Page to me.

But who comes heere ? I am inuisible,

And I will ouer-heare their conference.

*Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.*

*Deme.* I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not,

Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia* ?

The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.

Thou toldst me they were stolne vnto this wood ;

And here am I, and wood within this wood,

Because I cannot meete my *Hermia*.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,

But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart

Is true as Steele. Leaue you your power to draw,

And



## A Midfommer nights Dreamc.

And I shall haue no power to follow you.

*Deme.* Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?  
Or rather do I not in plainest truth,  
Tell you I do not, not I cannot loue you?

*Hel.* And euen for that do I loue thee the more;  
I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius*,  
The more you beate me, I will fawne on you.  
Vse me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; onely giue me leaue  
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your loue,  
(And yet a place of high respect with me)  
Then to be vsed as you vse your dog.

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,  
For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.

*Hel.* And I am sicke when I looke not on you.

*Deme.* You do impeach your modesty too much,  
To leaue the Citty, and commit your selfe  
Into the hands of one that loues you not,  
To trust the opportunity of night,  
And the ill counsell of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that  
It is not night when I do see your face.  
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,  
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,  
For you in my respect are all the world.  
Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is here to looke on me?

*Dem.* Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde Beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you;  
Runne when you will, the story shall be chaung'd:  
*Apollo* flies, and *Daphna* holds the chase;  
The Doue pursues the Griffen, the milde Hinde

# A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Makes speed to catch the Tygre. Bootlesse speede,  
When cowardise pursues, and valor flies.

*Demet.* I will not stay thy questions, let me go;  
Or if thou follow me, do not beleeeue,  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field  
You do me mischief. Fye *Demetrius*,  
Your wrongs do set a scandall on my sex:  
We cannot fight for loue, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.  
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,  
To dye vpon the hand I loue so well.

*Exit.*

*Ob.* Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,  
Thou shalt flye him, and he shall seeke thy loue.  
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

*Enter Pucke.*

*Puck.* I, there it is.

*Ob.* I pray thee giue it me.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,  
Where Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes,  
Quite ouercanoped with lushious woodbine,  
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine;  
There sleepe *Tytania*, sometime of the night,  
Luld in these flowers, with dances and delight:  
And there the snake throwes her enameld skinne,  
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.  
And with the iuyce of this, Ile streake her eyes,  
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groue;  
A sweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue  
With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,  
But do it when the next thing he espies,  
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,  
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.  
Effect it vvith some care, that he may prooue

More



# A Midfommers nights Dreame.

More fond on her, then she vpon her loue ;  
And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crow.

*Pr.* Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall do so. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.*

*Queen.* Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song ;

Then for the third part of a minute hence,  
Some to kill cankers in the muske rose buds,  
Some warre with Reremise, for their leathern wings,  
To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe  
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders  
At our queint spirits : Sing me now asleepe,  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

*Fairies sing.*

You spotted Snakes with double tongue,

Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,

Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong

Come not neere our Fairy queene.

Philomele with melody,

Sing in our sweett Lullaby,

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,

Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,

Come our louely Lady nye.

So good night with Lullaby.

*1. Fairy.* Weauing Spiders come not heere,

Hence you long legd Spinders, hence :

Beetles blacke approach not neere ;

Worme nor Snayle do no offence.

Philomele with melody, &c.

*2. Fai.* Hence away, now all is well ;

One aloofe, stand Centinell.

*Enter Oberon.*

*Ob.* What thou see'st when thou dost wake,

Do it for thy thy true loue take :

Loue and languish for his sake.

Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,

# A Midfommer nights Drea me.

Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,  
In thy eye that shall appeare,  
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,  
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

*Enter Lysander and Hermia.*

*Lys.* Faire loue, you faint with wandring in the woods,  
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:  
Wee'l rest vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

*Her.* Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,  
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.

*Lys.* One turffe shall serue as pillow for vs both,  
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

*Her.* Nay good *Lysander* for my sake my deare  
Lie further off yet, do not lie so neere.

*Lys.* O take the sence sweete, of my innocence,  
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,  
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it.  
Two bosomes interchained with an oath,  
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.  
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,  
For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

*Her.* *Lysander* riddles very prettily;  
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,  
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.  
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie  
Lie further off, in humane modesty,  
Such separation, as may well be said,  
Becomes a vertuous batchellor, and a maide,  
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;  
Thy loue nere alter till thy sweete life ende.

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that faire praier, say I,  
And then end life, when I end loialty:  
Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.

*Her.*

# A Midfommers nights Dreame.

*Her.* With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.

*Enter Pucke.*

*Puck.* Through the Forrest haue I gone,  
But *Athenian* finde I none,  
On whose eies I might approue  
This flowers force in stirring loue.  
Night and silence: who is heere?  
VVeedes of *Athens* he doth weare:  
This is he (my master said)  
Despised the *Athenian* maide:  
And heere the maiden sleeping found,  
On the danke and dirty ground.  
Pretty soule, she durst not lye  
Neere this lack-loue, this kill-curtessie.  
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw.  
All the power this charme doth owe:  
VVhen thou wak'st, let loue forbid  
Sleep his seate, on thy eye-lid.  
So awake when I am gone:  
For I must now to *Oberen*.

*Exit.*

*Enter Demetrius and Helena running.*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.

*De.* I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

*Hel.* O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not so,

*De.* Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

*Hel.* O I am out of breath, in this fond chafe,

The more my praier, the lesser is my grace.  
Happy is *Hermia*, where soere she lies;  
For she hath blessed and attractiue eyes,  
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.  
If so, my eies are oftner washt then hers.  
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;  
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,  
Therefore no maruaile, though *Demetrius*  
Do as a monster, flie my presence thus.

VVhat



## A Midfommer nights Dreame.

What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,  
Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyne?  
But who is here, *Lysander* on the ground?  
Dead or asleepe? I see no blood, no wound,  
*Lysander*, if you liue, good sir awake.

*Lys.* And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.  
Transparant *Helena*, nature shewes arte,  
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.  
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word  
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

*Hel.* Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:  
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?  
Yet *Hermia* still loues you; then be content.

*Lys.* Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.  
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;  
Who will not change a Rauens for a Doue?  
The will of man is by his reason swa'd:  
And reason saies you are the worthier maid.  
Things growing are not ripe vntill their season;  
So I being young, till now ripe not to reason,  
And touching now the point of humane skill,  
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes, where I orelooke  
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?  
When at your hands did I deserue this scorne?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,  
Deserue a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)  
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.  
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,  
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.

Oh,

## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Oh, that a Lady of one man refvs'd,  
Should of another therefore be abus'd. Exit.

*Lys.* She sees not *Hermia* : *Hermia*, sleepe thou there,  
And neuer maist thou come *Lysander* neere;  
For as a surfet of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings;  
Or as the heresies that men do leaue,  
Are hated most of those they did deceiue:  
So thou, my surfet, and my heresie,  
Of all be hated; but the most of me;  
And all my powers addresse your loue and might,  
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. Exit.

*Her.* Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do thy best  
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.  
Aye me, for pittie; what a dreame was here?  
*Lysander* looke, how I do quake with feare:  
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruell prey.  
*Lysander*, what remoou'd? *Lysander*, Lord,  
What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?  
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare;  
Speake of all loues; I swound almost with feare.  
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,  
Eyther death or you ile finde immediately. Exit.

*Enter the Clownes.*

*Bot.* Are we all met?

*Quin.* Pat, pat, and heres a maruailous conuenient place  
for our rehearfall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this  
hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will doe it in ac-  
tion, as we will do it before the Duke.

*Bot.* *Peter* quince?

*Peter.* What saist thou, bully *Bottom*?

*Bot.* There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and  
*Thisby*, that will neuer please. First, *Piramus* must draw a  
sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladyes cannot abide.

D

How



# A Midfommer nights Dreame.

How answer you that ?

*Snout.* Berlaken, a parlous feare.

*Star.* I belecue we must leaue the killing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say, wee will do no harme with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeed : and for the more better assurance, tell them that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottome* the Weauer ; this will put them out of feare.

*Quin.* Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and sixe.

*Bot.* No, make it two more, let it be written in eight & eight.

*Snout.* Will not the Ladies be afeard of the Lyon ?

*Star.* I feare it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with your selfe, to bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde fowle then your Lyon liuing; and we ought to looke to it.

*Snout.* Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lyons necke, and hee himselfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the same deffect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble : my life for yours. If you thinke I come hether as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are ; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the ioyner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so ; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber : for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

*Sn.* Doth the Moone shine that night we play our play ?

*Bot.*

# A Midfommer nights Dreame.

*Bottom.* A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack,  
finde out Moone-shine, finde out Mooneshine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why then may you leaue a casement of the great  
chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone  
may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns, &  
a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the  
person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we  
must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and  
*Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a  
wall.

*Sn.* You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you *Bottom*?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall, and let him  
haue some plaster, or some lome, or some rough cast about  
him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and  
through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe e-  
uery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you  
begin; when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that  
Brake, and so euery one according to his cue.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* What hempen home-spuns haue we swaggring here,  
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?  
What, a play toward? Ile be an auditor,  
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speake *Piramus*, *Thisby* stand forth.

*Pir.* *Thisby*, the flowers of odious fauors sweete.

*Quin.* Odours, odorous.

*Pir.* Odours fauors sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* deare.

But harke, a voyce: stay thou but heere a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare.

*Exit.*

*Quin.* A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

*This.* Must I speake now?

# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Pet.* I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

*Thys.* Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue,  
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,  
Most brisky Iuuenall, and eke most louely Iew,  
As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,  
He meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

*Pet.* *Ninus* toombe man: why you must not speake that yet; that you answer to *Piramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and al. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is neuer tyre.

*Thys.* O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre.

*Pir.* If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

*Pet.* O monstrous. O strange. We are haunted; pray masters flye masters, helpe.

*Rob.* Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,  
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through  
Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound, (bryer  
A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,  
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,  
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard.

*Enter Snowt.*

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an asse head of your own. Do you?

*Enter Peter quince.*

*Pet.* Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art translated.

*Exit.*

*Bot.* I see their knauery; this is to make an asse of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.  
The Woofsell cocke, so blacke of hew,  
With Orange tawny bill,

The



# A Midfommer nights Dreame.

The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,

The Wren with little quill.

*Tytania.* What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed ?

*Bot.* The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,

The plainſong Cuckow gray ;

Whoſe note full many a man doth marke,

And dares not answer, nay.

For indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird ?

Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer ſo ?

*Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, ſing againe,

Mine care is much enamored of thy note ;

On the firſt view to ſay, to ſweare I loue thee.

So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me,

*Bot.* Me-thinks miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that : and yet to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now adayes. The more the pittie, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay I can gleeke vpon occaſion.

*Tyta.* Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautifull.

*Bot.* Not ſo neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owne turne.

*Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not deſire to goe,

Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a ſpirit of no common rate :

The Sommer ſtill doth tend vpon my ſtate,

And I do loue thee ; therefore go with me,

Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee ;

And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,

And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleepe :

And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,

That thou ſhalt like an ayry ſpirit go.

*Peaſe-bloſſome, Cebweb, Moth, and Muſtard-ſeed.*

*Enter foure Fairies.*

# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Fai.* Ready ; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?

*Tita.* Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,  
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,  
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,  
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,  
The hony bags steale from the humble Bees,  
And for night tapers, crop their waxen thighes,  
And light them at the fiery Glow-wormes eies,  
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise  
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,  
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes,  
Nod to him Elues, and do him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy hartily ; I beseech your worships name.

*Cob.* *Cobweb.*

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master *Cobweb* : if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name honest gentleman?

*Peas.* *Pease-blossome.*

*Bot.* I pray you commend me to mistresse *Squash*, your Mother, and to master *Peascod* your Father. Good master *Pease-blossome*, I shall desire you of more acquaintance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

*Mus.* *Mustard-seede.*

*Bot.* Good master *Mustard seed*, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master *Mustard seed*.

*Tita.* Come waite vpon him, leade him to my bower.  
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watry eie,  
And when she weepes, weepe euery little flower,

Lamen-



# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently.

*Exit.*

*Enter King of Fairies, and Robin good-fellow.*

*Ob.* I wonder if *Ti:ania* be awak't;

Then what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on, in extremity.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,

What night-rule now about this haunted groue?

*Puck.* My mistresse with a monster is in loue,

Neere to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,

A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,

That worke for bread, vpon *Athenian* stalles,

Were met together to rehearse a play,

Intended for great *The:seus* nuptiall day:

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,

Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport,

Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,

When I did him at this aduantage take,

An Asses nole I fixed on his head,

Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered,

And forth my Minnock comes: when they him spy;

As wilde geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,

Or ruffed pated choughes, many in sort

(Rising and cawing at the guns report)

Seuer themselues, and madly sweepe the sky:

So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,

And at our stampe, here ore and ore one falles;

He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* calls.

Their sense thus weake, lost with their feares thus strong,

Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.

For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,

Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,

I led them on in this distracted feare,

And left sweete *Piramus* translated there:

*When*

## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

When in that moment (so it came to passe)  
*Tytania* waked, and straightway lou'd an asse.

*Ob.* This fallies out better then I could deuise:  
But hast thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,  
With the loue iuycce, as I did bid thee do?

*Rob.* I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)  
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,  
That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.

*Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

*Ob.* Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

*Rob.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

*Deme.* O why rebuke you him that loues you so?  
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.  
For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse.  
If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe, (to,  
Being ore shoos in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me  
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,  
As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,  
From sleeping *Hermia*? Ile belecue as soone  
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone  
May through the Center creepe, and so displease  
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.  
It cannot be but thou hast mured him,  
So should a murderer looke, so dead, so grim.

*Dem.* So should the murdered looke, & so should I,  
Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:  
Yet you the murderer looke as bright, as cleare,  
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

*Her.* VVhat's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?  
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?

*Dem.* Ide rather giue his carkasse to my hounds.

*Her.* Out dog, out curre, thou driu'st me past the bonds  
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?  
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

Oh,

# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,  
Durst thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake?  
And hast thou kild him sleeping? O braue tutch:  
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?  
An Adder did it. For with doubler tongue  
Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispriz'd mood,  
I am not guilty of *Lyсандers* blood:  
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee tell me then, that he is well.

*Dem.* And if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A priuiledge, neuer to see me more,  
And from thy hated presence part I, see me no more,  
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vaine,  
Heere therefore for a while I will remaine.  
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier grow.  
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,  
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,  
If for his tender heere I make some stay. *Lie downe.*

*Ob.* What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,  
And laide the loue iuyce on some true loues sight:  
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue  
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turnd true.

*Rob.* Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,  
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

*Ob.* About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,  
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.  
All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,  
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.  
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,  
Ile charme his eies, against she do appeare.

*Robin.* I go, I go, looke how I goe,  
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*

*Ob.* Flower of this purple die,



# A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Hit with *Cupids* archery,  
Sinke in apple of his eye,  
When his loue he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the *Venus* of the sky.  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

*Enter Pucke.*

*Puc'ke.* Captaine of our Fairy band,  
*Helena* is heere at hand,  
And the youth, mistooke by me,  
Pleading for a Louers fee.  
Shall we their fond Pageant see?  
Lord, what fooles these mortals be!

*Ob.* Stand aside: the noyse they make,  
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

*Puc.* Then will two at once wooe one,  
That must needs be sport alone:  
And those things do best please me,  
That befall preposterously.

*Enter Lysander and Helena.*

*Lys.* Why should you think that I should wooe in scorn?  
Scorne and derision neuer come in teares:  
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,  
In their natiuity all truth appeares.  
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?  
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.

*Hel.* You do aduance your cunning more and more,  
When truth kils truth, O diuelish holy fray!  
These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?  
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.  
Your vowes to her, and me (put in two scales)  
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.

*Lys.*



## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Lys.* *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you.

*Deme.* O *Helena*, goddessie, nimph, perfect, diuine,  
To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eie!  
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in shoue,  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!  
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,  
Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,  
When thou holdst vp thy hand. O let me kisse  
This Princeesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.

*Hel.* O spight! ô hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me, for your merriment.  
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,  
You would not do me thus much iniury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me too?  
If you were men, as men you are in shew,  
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;  
To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,  
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;  
And now both Riuals, to mocke *Helena*.  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,  
To coniure teares vp in a poore maides eyes,  
With your derision, none of noble sort,  
Would so offend a virgine, and extort  
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

*Lysan.* You are vnkinde *Demetrius*; be not so.  
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;  
And heere with all good will, with all my heart,  
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;  
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,  
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.

*Hel.* Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Deme.* *Lysander*, keepe thy *Hermia*, I will none:  
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

## A Midfommer nights Dreame.

My heart to her, but as guest-wise sojournd,  
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,  
There to remaine.

*Lys.* It is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Least to thy perill thou abide it deare.  
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* Darke night, that from the eye his function takes,  
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,  
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,  
It paies the hearing double recompence.  
Thou art not by mine eie, *Lysander* found,  
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to thy sound.  
But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so?

*Lys.* Why should he stay, whom loue doth presse to go?

*Her.* What loue could presse *Lysander* from my side?

*Lys.* *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)  
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,  
Then all yon fiery oes, and eies of light.  
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee so?

*Her.* You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

*Hel.* Loe, she is one of this confederacy,  
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,  
To fashion this false sport, in spight of me.  
Iniurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maide,  
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd  
To baite me, with this foule derision?  
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,  
The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,  
When we haue chid the hasty footed time,  
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?  
All schoole-daies friendship, child-hood innocence?  
We *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,

Haue

## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Haue with our needles, created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes  
Had bin incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an vnion in partition,  
Two louely berries moulded on one stemme,  
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,  
Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
And will you rent our ancient loue asunder,  
To ioyne with men in scorning your poore friend ?  
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.  
Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feele the iniury.

*Her.* I am amazed at your words,  
I scorne you not ; It seemes that you scorne me.

*Hel.* Haue you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne  
To follow me, and praise my eies and face ?  
And made your other Loue, *Demetrius*  
(Who euen but now did spurne me with his foote)  
To call me goddesse, nimph, diuine, and rare,  
Precious, celestiall ? Wherefore speakes he this  
To her he hates ? And wherefore doth *Lysander*  
Deny your loue (so rich within his soule)  
And tender me (forsooth) affection,  
But by your setting on, by your consent ?  
What though I be not so in grace as you,  
So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate ?  
(But miserable most, to loue vnlou'd)  
This you should pittie, rather then despise.

*Her.* I vnderstand not what you meane by this.

*Hel.* I, do, perseuer, counterfeit sad lookes,  
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,

## A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Winke each at other, hold the sweete ieast vp :  
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.  
If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argument.  
But faryewell, tis partly mine owne fault,  
VVhich death or absence soone shall remedy.

*Lys.* Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,  
My loue, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.

*Hel.* O excellent !

*Her.* Sweete, do not scorne her so.

*Dem.* If she cannot entreate, I can compell.

*Lys.* Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.  
Thy threats haue no more strength then her weake praise.

*Helen*, I loue thee, by my life I doe ;

I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,

To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.

*Dem.* I say, I loue thee more then he can do.

*Lys.* If thou say so, with-draw and proue it to.

*Dem.* Quick, come.

*Her.* *Lysander*, whereto tends all this ?

*Lys.* Away, you *Ethiope*.

*Dem.* No, no, hee' l seeme to breake loose ;

Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not : you are a tame man, go.

*Lys.* Hang off thou cat, thou bur ; vile thing let loose,  
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

*Her.* VVhy are you growne so rude ?

VVhat change is this, sweete Loue ?

*Lys.* Thy loue ? out tawny *Tartar*, out ;  
Out loathed medicine ; ô hated poison hence.

*Her.* Do you not ieast ?

*Hel.* Yes sooth, and so do you.

*Lys.* *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word with thee.

*Dem.* I would I had your bond : for I perceiue,  
A weake bond holds you ; I'll not trust your word.

*Lys.*



## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Lys.* VVhat, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?  
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.

*Her.* VVhat? can you do me greater harme then hate?  
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?  
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?  
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.  
Since night you lou'd me; yet since night you left me.  
VVhy then you left me (ô the gods forbid)  
In earnest, shall I say?

*Lys.* I, by my life;  
And neuer did desire to see thee more.  
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;  
Be certaine; nothing truer; tis no least,  
That I do hate thee, and loue *Helena*.

*Her.* O me, you iuggler, you canker blossome,  
You theefe of loue; what, haue you come by night,  
And stolne my loues heart from him?

*Hel.* Fine ifaith.  
Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulnesse? VVhat, will you teare  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie, you counterfet, you puppet, you.

*Her.* Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.  
Now I perceiue that she hath made compare  
Betweene our statures, she hath vrg'd her height,  
And with her personage, her tall parsonage,  
Her height (forsooth) she hath preuaild with him.  
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,  
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,  
How low am I? I am not yet so low,  
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curst:  
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse:

## A Midlommer nights Dreame.

I am a right maid for my cowardize ;  
Let her not strike me : you perhaps may thinke,  
Because she is something lower then my selfe,  
That I can match her.

*Her.* Lower? harke againe.

*Hel.* Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,  
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,  
Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wronged you,  
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,  
I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.  
He followed you, for loue I followed him,  
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me  
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me to ;  
And now, so you will let me quiet goe,  
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,  
And follow you no further, Let me go.  
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

*Her.* Why get you gone : who ist that hinders you ?

*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leaue heere behinde.

*Her.* VVhat, with *Lysander*?

*Hel.* VVith *Demetrius*.

*Lys.* Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

*Dem.* No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

*Hel.* O when shee's angry, she is keene and shrewd,  
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,  
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* Little againe? Nothing but low and little?  
VVhy will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone you dwarfe,  
You *minimus*, of hindring knot grasse made,  
You bead, you acorne.

*Dem.* You are too officious,  
In her behalfe that scornes your seruices.  
Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,

Take

# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Take not her part. For if thou dost intend  
Neuer so little shew of loue to her,  
Thou shalt abie it.

*Lys.* Now she holds me not,  
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena*.

(Exit.

*Dem.* Follow? Nay, Ile go with thee cheeke by iowle.

*Her.* You Mistresse, all this coyle is long of you.

Nay, goe not backe.

*Hel.* I will not trust you I,  
Not longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands than mine, are quicker for a fray,  
My legs are longer though to runne away.

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

Exeunt.

*Ob.* This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,  
Or else commit'st thy knaueries wilfully.

*Puck.* Beleeue me, King of shaddowes, I mistooke.  
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,  
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?  
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,  
That I haue noited an Athenians eyes,  
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,  
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

*Ob.* Thou seest these Louers seeke a place to fight,  
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,  
The starry Welkin couer thou anon,  
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,  
And leade these testy Riuals so astray,  
As one come not within anothers way.  
Like to *Lyfander*, sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;  
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;  
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,  
Till ore their browes, death-counterfetting, sleepe  
With leaden ledgs, and Batty wings doth creepe;

F

Then

## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eie,  
Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,  
To take from thence all error, with his might,  
And make his eie-balls rolle with wonted sight.  
When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,  
And backe to *Athens* shall the Louers wend  
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.  
Whiles I in this affaire do thee apply,  
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* boy;  
And then I will her charmed eie release  
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck*, My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,  
For night swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger;  
At whose approach, Ghosts wandring heere and there,  
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,  
That in crosse waies and foulds haue buriall,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,  
They wilfully themselues exile from light,  
And must for aie consort with blacke browd night.

*Ob*. But we are spirits of another sort:  
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,  
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,  
Euen till the Easterne gate all fiery red,  
Opening on *Neptunes*, with faire blessed beames,  
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.  
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay,  
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

*Puck*, Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp  
& downe: I am seard in field and towne. *Goblin*, lead them  
vp and downe: here comes one. *Enter Lysander*.

*Lys*. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now.

*Rob*. Here villaine, drawne and ready. Where art thou?

*Lys*.



# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Rob.* Follow me then to plainer ground.

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Deme.* *Lysander*, speake againe;

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speake in some bush. Where dost thou hide thy head?

*Rob.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for warres,  
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,  
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd  
That drawes a sword on thee.

*Deme.* Yea, art thou there?

*Ro.* Follow my voice, wee'l try no manhood here. *Exeunt.*

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on,  
When I come where he calles, then hee's gone.  
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I;  
I followed fast, but faster he did flie;  
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,  
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day:  
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,  
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight.

*Robin and Demetrius.*

*Rob.* Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?

*Deme.* Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,  
Thou runst before me, shifting euery place,  
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.  
Where art thou?

*Rob.* Come hither, I am here.

*De.* Nay then thou mockst me; thou shalt buy this deare,  
If euer I thy face by day-light see.  
Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,  
To measure out my length on this cold bed,  
By daies approach looke to be visited.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* O weary night, ô long and tedious night,

# A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the east,  
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,  
From these that my poore company detest;  
And sleepe that sometimes shuts vp sorrowes eie,  
Steale me a while from mine owne company.

*Sleepe.*

*Rob.* Yet but three? Come one more,  
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.  
Here she comes, curst and sad,

*Cupid* is a knauish lad,

*Enter Hermia.*

Thus to make poore females mad.

*Her.* Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,  
I can no further crawle, no further goe;  
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.  
Here will I rest me till the breake of day,  
Heauens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.

*Rob.* On the ground sleepe sound,  
He apply your eye gentle loue, remedy.  
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st  
True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eie,  
And the Country Prouerbe knowne,  
That euery man should take his owne,  
In your waking shall be showne.

*Iacke* shall haue *Ill*, nought shall go ill,  
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall be well.

*Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.*

*Tita.* Come sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,  
While I thy amiable cheekes do coy,  
And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,  
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

*Clowne.* Where's *Pease-blossome*?

*Peas.* Ready.

*Clowne.* Scratch my head, *Pease-blossome*. Wher's *Moun-*  
*sieur Cobweb*?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Clown.*

## A Midfommers nights Dreame.

*Clo.* Mounſieur *Cobweb*, good Mounſieur get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt humble-bee, on the top of a thistle; and good Mounſieur bring me the hony bag. Doe not fret your ſelfe too much in the action, Mounſieur; and good Mounſieur haue a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you ouerflowne with a hony-bag ſignieur. Where's Mounſieur *Mustardſeed*?

*Muſ.* Ready.

*Clo.* Giue me your neaſe, Mounſieur *Mustardſeed*.  
Pray you leaue your courteſie, good Mounſieur.

*Muſt.* What's your wil?

*Clo.* Nothing good Mounſieur, but to helpe Cauallery *Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers Mounſieur, for me-thinkes I am maruailous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſſe, if my haire do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou heare ſome ſome muſick, my ſweet loue?

*Clowne.* I haue a reaſonable good eare in muſicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.

*Tita.* Or ſay ſweete Loue, what thou deſireſt to eate.

*Clown.* Truly a pecke of prouender; I could mounch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good nay, ſweete hay hath no fellow.

*Tita.* I haue a venturous Fairy,  
That ſhall ſeek the ſquirrels hoard,  
And fetch thee new Nuts.

*Clo.* I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peafe.  
But I pray you let none of your people ſtir me, I haue an expoſition of ſleepe come vpon me.

*Tyta.* Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,  
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.  
So doth the woodbine, the ſweete Honifuckle,  
Gently entwiſt; the female Iuy ſo  
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

# A Midfommer nights Dreame.

O how I loue thee ! how I dote on thee !

*Enter Robin goodfellow.*

*Ob.* Welcome good *Robin* : seeſt thou this ſweet ſight ?  
Her dotage now I do begin to pittie.  
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,  
Seeking ſweete fauors for this hatefull foole,  
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.  
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,  
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers.  
And that ſame dew which ſomtime on the buds,  
VVas wont to ſwell like round & orient pearles ;  
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eies,  
Like teares that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.  
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,  
And ſhe in milde tearmes begd my patience,  
I then did aſke of her, her changeling childe,  
Which ſtraight ſhe gaue me, and her Fairy ſent  
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.  
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe  
This hatefull imperfection of her eies.  
And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed ſcalpe,  
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwaine ;  
That he awaking when the other do,  
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,  
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.  
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.

*Be as thou waſt wont to be ;*

*See as thou waſt wont to ſee.*

*Dians bud, or Cupids flower,*

*Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.*

Now my *Titania* wake you, my ſweete Queene.

*Tita.* My *Oberon*, what viſions haue I ſcene !  
Me-thought I was enamored of an Aſſe.

*Ob.* There lies your loue.

*Tita.*



# A Midſommers nights Dreame.

*Tita.* How came theſe things to paſſe?

Oh, how mine eies doth loathe this viſage now!

*Ob.* Silence a while. *Robin* take of this head;

*Titania*, muſicke call, and ſtrike more dead  
Then common ſleepe; of all theſe, fine the ſenſe.

*Tita.* Muſicke, ho muſicke, ſuch as charmeth ſleepe.

*Rob.* When thou wak'ſt, with thine owne fooles eies peep.

*Ob.* Sound muſick; come my Queen, take hands with me  
And rocke the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,  
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemnly  
Dance in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,  
And bleſſe it to all faire poſterity.

There ſhall the paires of faithfull Louers be  
VVedded, with *Theſeus*, all in iollity.

*Rob.* Fairy King, attend and marke,  
I do heare the morning Larke.

*Ob.* Then my Queene in ſilence ſad,  
Trip we after the nights ſhade;  
VVe the Globe can compaſſe ſoone,  
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

*Tita.* Come my Lord, and in our flight.  
Tell me how it came this night,  
That I ſleeping heere was found,  
VVith theſe mortals on the ground.

*Enter Theſeus and all his traine.*

*Exeunt.*  
*winde hornes.*

*Theſ.* Goe one of you, finde out the Forreſter,

For now our obſeruation is perform'd;  
And ſince we haue the vaward of the day,  
My Loue ſhall heare the muſicke of my hounds.  
Vncouple in the VVeſterne valley, let them go;  
Diſpatch I ſay, and finde the Forreſter.  
VVe will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top,  
And marke the muſicall confuſion  
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.

*Hippo.*

# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Hip.* I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,  
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare  
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare  
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,  
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,  
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard  
So musically a discord, such sweete thunder.

*Thes.* My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,  
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung  
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,  
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Bulls,  
Slow in pursuite, but matcht in mouth like bells,  
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable  
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheer'd with horne,  
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*;  
Iudge when you heare. But soft, what nymphs are these?

*Egeus.* My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,  
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,  
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,  
I wonder of this being heere together.

*The.* No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue  
The right of May; and hearing our intent,  
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.  
But speake *Egeus*, is not this the day  
That *Hermia* should giue answer of her choyse?

*Egeus.* It is, my Lord.

*To.* Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their hornes.

*Shout within, they all start vp.* Winde hornes.

*Thes.* Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is past,  
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

*Lys.* Pardon, my Lord.

*Thes.* I pray you all stand vp.

I know you two are Riual enemies.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
That hatred is so farre from iealousie,

## A Midsummer nights Dream e.

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

*Lys.* My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,  
I cannot truely say how I came here.  
But as I thinke (for truely would I speake)  
And now I do bethinke me, so it is;  
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent  
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be  
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

*Ege.* Enough, enough my Lord: you haue enough;  
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:  
They would haue stolne away, they would, *Demetrius*,  
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:  
You of your wife, and me of my consent;  
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

*Dem.* My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,  
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,  
And I in fury hither followed them;  
Faيرة *Helena*, in fancy followed me.  
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power  
(But by some power it is) my loue  
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)  
Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,  
Which in my childehood I did dote vpon:  
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,  
The obiekt and the pleasure of mine eie,  
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,  
Was I bethroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*,  
But like a sicknesse, did I loathe this food,  
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,  
Now do I wish it, loue it, long for it,  
And will for euermore be true to it.

*Thef.* Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;  
Of this discourse, we will heare more anon.

*Egeus*, I will ouerbeare your will;



## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

For in the Temple, by and by with vs,  
These couples shall eternally be knit.  
And for the morning now is something worne,  
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.  
Away, with vs to *Athens*; three and three,  
Wee'l hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come *Hippolita*. *Exit.*

*Dem.* These things seeme small and vndistinguishable,  
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

*Her.* Me-thinks I see these things with parted eie,  
When euery thing seemes double.

*Hel.* So me-thinkes :

And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,  
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

*Dem.* Are you sure  
That we are awake ? It seemes to me,  
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,  
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him ?

*Her.* Yea, and my Father.

*Hel.* And *Hippolita*.

*Lys.* And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

*Dem.* Why then we are awake ; let's follow him, and by  
the way let vs recount our dreames. *Exit.*

*Clo.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My  
next is, most faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince* ? Flute the  
bellows-mender ? *Snout* the tinker ? *Starueling* ? Gods my  
life ! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe : I haue had a most  
rare vision. I haue had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say,  
what dreame it was. Man is but an Ass, if he go about to  
expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man  
can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had.  
But man is but patcht a foole, if he will offer to say, what  
me-thought I had. The eie of man hath not heard, the eare  
of man hath not scene, mans hand is not able to taste, his  
tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, what my dream  
was.



## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballet of this dream, it shall be call'd *Bottomes Dreame*, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

*Exit.*

*Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbe, and the rabble.*

*Quin.* Have you sent to *Bottomes* house? Is he come home yet?

*Flute.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is transported.

*This.* If he come not, then the play is mard. It goes not forward, doth it?

*Quin.* It is not possible: you have not a man in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Piramus* but he.

*This.* No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

*Quin.* Yea, and the best person too, and he is a very *Paramour*, for a sweete voyce.

*This.* You must say, *Paragon*. A *Paramour* is (God blesse vs) a thing of nought.

*Enter Snug the Ioyner.*

*Snug.* Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all beene made men.

*This.* O sweete bully *Bottom*: thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him sixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would haue deserued it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

*Enter Bottom.*

*Bot.* Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

*Quin.* *Bottom*, ô most couragious day! O most happy houre!

## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but aske mee not what. For if I tell you, I am not true *Athenian*. I will tel you euery thing right as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let vs heare, sweete *Botome*.

*Bot.* Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete presently at the Palace, euerie man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferd. In any case let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him that plaies the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions claws. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for we are to vtter sweete breath, and I do not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweete Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, and Philostrate.*

*Hip.* Tis strange my *Theseus*, that these louers speake of.

*The.* More strange then true. I neuer may belecue These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toies, Louers and mad men haue such seething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason euer comprehends.

The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,  
Are of imagination all compact.

One sees more diuels then vaste hell can hold;  
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,  
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.

The Poets eie in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance  
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.

And as imagination bodies forth the formes of things  
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turns them to shapes,  
And giues to airy nothing, a locall habitation,  
And a name. Such trickes hath strong imagination,

That

## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

That if it would but apprehend some ioy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.  
Or in the night, imagining some feare,  
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

*Hip.* But all the story of the night told ouer,  
And all their mindes transfigur'd so together,  
More witnesseth than fancies images,  
And growes to something of great constancy;  
But howsoeuer, strange and admirable.

*Enter louers : Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.*

*Thes.* Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:  
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh daies  
Of loue accompany your hearts.

*Lys.* More then to vs, waite in your roiall walkes, your  
boord, your bed.

*Thes.* Come now, what maskes, what dances shall wee  
haue,

To weare away this long age of three houres,  
Betweene or after supper, and bed-time?  
Where is our vsuall manager of mirth?  
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,  
To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?  
Call *Philstrate*.

*Philo.* Heere mighty *Thesew*.

*Thes.* Say, what abridgment haue you for this euening?  
What maske, what musicke? how shall we beguile  
The lazie time, if not with some delight?

*Phil.* There is a brieft, how many sports are rife.  
Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.

*Thes.* The battell with the *Centaur*s to be sung  
By an *Athenian* Eunuch, to the Harpe.  
Wee'l none of that. That haue I tolde my Loue,  
In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*.  
The riot of the tipsie *Bachanals*,



## A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Tearing the *Thracian* finger, in their rage?  
That is an olde deuice; and it was plaide,  
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.  
The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death  
Of learning, late deceast in beggery.  
That is some *Satire* keene and criticall,  
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.  
A tedious brieft Scene of young *Piramus*,  
And his Loue *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth?  
Merry and tragicall? Tedious and brieft? That is hot Ice,  
And wondrous strange Snow. How shall we finde the concord  
of this discord?

*Philo.* A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,  
Which is as brieft, as I haue knowne a play;  
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;  
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,  
There is not one word apt, one plaier fitted.  
And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is: for *Piramus*  
Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw  
Rehearst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water;  
But more merry teares the passion of loud laughter  
Neuer shed.

*Thes.* What are they that do play it?

*Philo.* Hard handed men, that worke in *Athens* here,  
Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;  
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,  
With this same play, against your nuptiall.

*Thes.* And we will heare it.

*Phi.* No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard  
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,  
To do you seruice.

*Thes.* I will heare that play. For neuer any thing  
Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it.



## A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

*Hip.* I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;  
And duty in his seruice perishing.

*Thes.* Why gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.

*Hip.* He saies, they can do nothing in this kinde.

*The.* The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing.  
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:  
And what poore duty cannot do, noble respect  
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purposed  
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;  
Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,  
And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,  
Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome:  
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,  
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity,  
Inleast, speake most, to my capacity.

*Philo.* So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.

*Duke.* Let him approach.

*Enter the Prologue.*

*Pro.* If we offend; it is with our good will.  
That you should thinke, we come not to offend;  
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then, we come but in despight.  
VVe do not come, as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is, All for your delight,  
VVe are not heere. That you should here repent you,  
The Actors are at hand; and by their show,  
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

*Thes.*

## A Midfommer nights Dreame.

*Thes.* This fellow doth not stand vpon points.

*Lys.* He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: hee knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to speake, but to speake true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a sound, but not in government.

*Thes.* His speech was like a tangled chaine; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

*Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.*

*Prologue.* Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine,  
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;  
This beautious Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.  
This man with lyme and roughcast, doth present  
Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers sunder:  
And through wals chinke (poore soules) they are content  
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.  
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,  
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,  
By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no scorne  
To meete at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe:  
This grizly beast (which Lyon hight by name)  
The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night,  
Did scarre away, or rather did affright:  
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;  
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did staine.  
Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweete youth and tall,  
And findes his trusty *Thisbies* Mantle staine;  
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,  
He brauely broacht his boiling bloody breast,  
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry shade,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and Louers twaine,  
At large discourse, while here they do remaine.

*Thes.*

# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Thes.* I wonder if the Lyon be to speake.

*Deme.* No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Asses do.

*Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Moone-shine.*

*Wall.* In this same Interlude it doth befall,

That I, one *Flute* (by name) present a wall:

And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke,

That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:

Through which the Louers, *Piramus* and *Thisby*,

Did whisper often, very secretly.

This lome, this roughcast, and this stone doth show,

That I am that same wall; the truth is so.

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

Through which the fearefull Louers are to whisper.

*Thes.* Would you desire lime and haire to speak better?

*Deme.* It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard discourse, my Lord.

*Thes.* *Piramus* drawes neere the wall, silence.

*Pir.* O grim lookt night, ô night with hue so blacke,

O night, which euer art, when day is not:

O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,

I feare my *Thisbies* promise is forgot.

And thou ô wall, ô sweete, ô louely wall,

That stands betweene her Fathers ground and mine,

Thou wall, ô wall, ô sweete and louely wall,

Shew me thy chinke, to blink through with mine eie.

Thanks courteous wall. *Ioue* shield thee well for this.

But what see I? No *Thisby* do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,

Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiuing me.

*Thes.* The wall me-thinks being sensible, should curse againe.

*Pir.* No in truth sir, he should not Deceiuing me,  
Is *Thisbies* cue; she is to enter now, and I am to spy  
Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall



# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes. *Enter Thisbie.*

*This.* O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,  
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.  
My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;  
Thy stones with lime and haire knit now againe.

*Pyra.* I see a voice; now will I to the chinke,  
To spy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby?*

*This.* My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

*Pir.* Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace,  
And like *Limander*, am I trusty still.

*This.* And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

*Pir.* Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true.

*This.* As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

*Pir.* O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

*This.* I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.

*Pir.* Wilt thou at *Ninnies* toomb meete me straightway?

*This.* Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

*Wall.* Thus haue I *Wall*, my part discharged so;  
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth goe.

*Du.* Now is the Moon vsed betweene the two neighbors.

*Deme.* No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to  
heare without warning.

*Dutch.* This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard.

*Duke.* The best in this kinde are but shadowes, and the  
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

*Dutch.* It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

*Duke.* If wee imagine no worse of them then they of them-  
selues, they may passe for excellent men. Heere come two  
noble beasts, in a man and a Lyon.

*Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.*

*Lyon.* You Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare  
The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore)  
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,  
When Lyon rough, in wildest rage doth roare.  
Then know that I, as *Snug* the ioyner am



# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

A Lyon fell, nor else no Lyons damme,  
For if I should, as Lyon come in strife,  
Into this place, 't were pittie on my life.

*Duke.* A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

*Deme.* The very best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.

*Lys.* This Lyon is a very Fox for his valour.

*Duke.* True, and a Goose for his discretion.

*De.* Not so my Lord. For his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the Fox carries the goose.

*Duke.* His discretion I am sure cannot carry his valour. For the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

*Moone.* This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present.

*Deme.* He should haue worne the hornes on his head.

*Duk.* He is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible, within the circumference.

*Moone.* This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present, My selfe, the man ich' Moone do seeme to be.

*Duke.* This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it else the man i'th Moone?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle.  
For you see, it is already in snuffe.

(change.

*Dutch.* I am weary of this Moone; would he would

*Duke.* It appeares by his small light of discretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet in curtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.

*Lysand.* Proceed Moone.

*Moone.* All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne bush, my thorne bush, and this dog, my dog.

*Deme.* Why all these should bee in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes *Thisby*.

*Enter Thisby.*

*Th.* This is old *Ninies* toomb: wher's my loue? *Lyon.* Oh

# A Midsummer nights Dreame.

*Dem.* Well roard Lyon.

*Duke.* Well runne *Thisbie*.

*Dutch.* Well shoone *Moone*. Truly the *Moone* shines  
with a good grace.

*Duke.* Well mouz'd *Lyon*.

*Dem.* And then came *Piramus*.

*Lys.* And so the *Lyon* vanisht.

*Enter Piramus.*

*Pyr.* Sweete *Moone*, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,  
I thanke thee *Moone*, for shining now so bright.  
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,  
I trust to take of truest *Thisbie* sight.

But stay : ô spight ! but marke, poore knight,  
What dreadfull dole is here ?

Eyes do you see ! how can it be !

O dainty ducke, ô deare !

Thy mantle good, what staine with blood ?

Approach ye *Furies* fell,

O fates come, come, cut thred and thrum,

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

*Duke.* This passion, and the death of a deare friend would  
goe neere to make a man looke sad.

*Dutch.* Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

*Pir.* O wherefore *Nature*, didst thou *Lyons* frame ?

Since *Lyon* vilde hath heere deslour'd my deare ;

Which is, no, no, which was the fairest dame

That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.

Come teares confound, out sword and wound

The pap of *Piramus* :

I, that left pap, where heart doth hop ;

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule, is in the sky,

Tongue lose thy light, *Moone* take thy flight,

Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

*Dem.* No Die, but an ace for him ; for he is but one.

*Lys.*

## A Midfommers nights Dreame.

*Lys.* Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

*Duke.* With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover and proue an asse.

*Dutch.* How chance Moone-shine is gone before?

*Thisby* comes backe, and findes her Louer.

*Duke.* She will finde him by star-light. Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

*Dut.* Me-thinkes she should not vse a long one for such a *Piramus*: I hope she will be brieft.

*Dem.* A Moth will turne the ballance, which *Piramus*, which *Thisbie* is the better: hee for a man, God warnd vs; she for a woman, God blesse vs.

*Lys.* She hath spied him already, with those sweete eies.

*Dem.* And thus she meanes, *videlicet*.

*This.* Asleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?

O *Piramus* arise,

Speake, speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A toombe

Must couer thy sweete eies.

These lilly lips, this cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheekes

Are gone, are gone; Louers make mone:

His eyes were greene as Leekes.

O sisters three, come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milke,

Lay them in gore, since you haue shore

With sheeres, his thred of silke.

Tongue not a word, come trusty sword,

Come blade, my breast imbrew:

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends;

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

*Duke.* Moone-shine and Lyon are left to bury the dead.

*Deme.* I, and Wall too.

*Lyon.* No, I assure you the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

## A Midfommer nights Dreame.

*Duke.* No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had plaid *Piramus*, and hang'd himselfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.

Louers to bed, tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,

As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.

This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd

The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly Reuels, and new iollity.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pucke.*

*Puck.* Now the hungry Lyons rores,

And the Wolfe beholds the Moone;

Whilst the heauy ploughman snores,

All with weary taske fore-done.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe,

In remembrance of a shrowd.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graues, all gaping wide,

Euery one lets forth his spright,

In the Churchway paths to glide.

And we Fairies, that do runne,

By the triple *Hecates* teame,

From the presence of the Sunne,

Following darknesse like a dreame,

Now are frolicke; not a Mouse

Shall disturbe this hallowed house.

I am sent with broome before,

To



# A Midsummers nights Dreame.

To sweepe the dust behinde the doore.

*Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.*

*Ob.* Through the house giue glimmering light,  
By the dead and drowisie fier,  
Euery Elfe and Fairy spright,  
Hop as light as bird from brier,  
And this Ditty after me, Sing and dance it trippingly.

*Tita.* First rehearse this song by roate,  
To each word a warbling note.  
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,  
Will we sing and blesse this place.

*Ob.* Now vntill the breake of day,  
Through this house, each Fairy stray.  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by vs shall blessed be :  
And the issue there create,  
Euer shall be fortunate:

So shall all the couples three,  
Euer true in louing be :  
And the blots of Natures hand,  
Shall not in their issue stand.  
Neuer mole, hare-lip, nor scarre,  
Nor marke prodigious, such as are  
Despised in natiuity,  
Shall vpon their children be.  
With this field dew consecrate,  
Euery Fairy take his gate,  
And each seuerall chamber blesse,  
Through this Palace, with sweete peace,  
Euer shall in safety rest,  
And the owner of it blest.  
Trip away, make no stay ;  
Meete me all, by breake of day.

*Exeunt.*

*Robin.* If we shadowes haue offended,  
Thinke but this (and all is mended)

That

## A Midfommer nights Dreame.

That you haue but slumbred heere,  
While this visions did appeare.  
And this weake and idle theame,  
No more yeelding but a dreame,  
Gentles, do not reprehend.  
If you pardon, we will mend.  
And as I am an honest *Pucke*,  
If we haue vnearned lucke,  
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,  
We will make amends ere long :  
Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.  
So good night vnto you all.  
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,  
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

FINIS.























